

While We're Waiting

A Dunwoody Village publication by residents, for residents.

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FROM MY PERSPECTIVE

Arline Lieberman

Welcome to the second issue of our Dunwoody newsletter, *While We're Waiting*. We hope it has and will continue to reflect the experiences of our community members during an increasingly complex moment in history. We pray for small miracles to heal our world. We look forward to learning lessons today that will inspire us to create a better future.

We will continue to offer glimpses into the lives of our Dunwoody peers as we thank all those who have and will contribute to this small publication. Special thanks to Monica Knauss, whose skill in layout and design has helped bring this project to fruition.

This and That

One of the beauties of having more time at home is an opportunity to do some things that heal, some things that challenge the mind and some things I've always wanted to do for which I lacked the time.

Take jigsaw puzzles: they are absolutely addictive! After we finished the three we had in the house, we exchanged puzzles with our son and set to work. One thousand-piece puzzle was a doozie. Days later, eyes bloodshot and back aching from bending over, it was finished. Well, almost. Three pieces were missing. The black felt on which we worked stared up at us like a blinking neon sign. We emailed our son that his puzzle had only 997 pieces and he should get his money back.

ARTISTS OF DUNWOODY

Mary Kreek

Early in March, art teacher Bonnie Mettler offered a six-week painting class to Dunwoody residents. The group was very disappointed when the class was interrupted by COVID-19. We are so very fortunate that Bonnie has offered to continue to critique our paintings via the Internet. Individually we are able to dialogue with Bonnie until she says, "Your picture is finished." This is such a blessing for us; it is like having a very talented private teacher. To the right is a painting that Bonnie helped me with that I recently completed. Some of her suggestions included: look for values, soften an edge, correct the perspective and consider another color. Finally she helps us to know when to stop and leave it alone! The painting is of a home in Ireland from a photo I took on our trip two years ago.

Hopefully, some of our other artists will submit a picture of their work for us all to enjoy.



Photo: Mary Kreek

AND THE BIRDS SING WITH US

Susy Brandt

Some time ago, when everything was awfully quiet and a little sad at Dunwoody, Bobbie King walked out onto her patio just as I wandered out onto my balcony. We talked about the joy some people in Italy were finding in singing from their balconies. “Why don’t WE sing?” asked Bobbie. And that’s how it all began...

Anne Churchman, Mary Davis (who is sure we’re going to Hollywood!), Diane Mankin and Pen-ming Ming joined in our happy if not always so perfect efforts. “You Are My Sunshine,” “Amazing Grace,” “You’re a Grand Old Flag,” “Old MacDonald” and “Somewhere Over the Rainbow” were some of our early songs sung around our courtyard. What fun! Pretty soon others joined us: Maureen Foley and Emma May Goddard. Soon there will be more, socially distanced, of course.

Believe me, we aren’t members of a choir. Well, maybe Bobbie is. But the gathering on Wednesday afternoons, and the singing bring such cheer and laughter to these sad days. As we fumble for words or notes we feel the triumph of fun. You might want to try it. No talent is needed. Besides, the birds will be helping you sing!



Photo: Pete Smyrl

COPING WITH ANOTHER WEDNESDAY

Janet Urbanelli

Some of us talk to trees. Others reprimand the televised afternoon “news briefings.” And a few of us question the expiration dates on our refrigerated condiments. I have done all of the above and lately my focus developed into a symbiotic relationship with a couple of cardinals who have begun to enjoy, rent free, my newly applied mulch. Ensconced in my villa, they preen beside my shaded patio and we spend the mornings contemplating the true merits of brushing teeth before eating last night’s dessert, munching on discarded birdseed, and planning an adult activity of organizing my toilet paper inventory. If I do commit to toothbrush and

paste, will my secret stash of potato chips taste more sinful? Would the Food Network consider this the perfect balance of sweet and savory? I’m losing it and I don’t care.

Just when I am about to retreat into my mental chamber, the familiar sound of mail delivery breaks the silence of self-absorption and the world beyond my castle door invades. The heroes of my every-day life are back again. This world is composed of singers of selfless dreams working from day to day to create a better planet. It will not end with a bang but will continue with songs from the balconies of my neighbors in a nod to the courtyard singers in Italy during their lockdown. I join them in the music of the courtyard and enjoy the socially distanced merry-makers while sending a “thank you” to the Dunwoody heroes.

DEV THIELENS

Susan Bell



Born and bred in Philadelphia, Marie McDevitt Thielens chooses to answer to her nickname, “Dev.” She moved to Dunwoody apartment E-302 in March 2020, just two weeks before the pandemic “lockdown.”

Dev grew up in Wynnewood, attended Sacred Heart Academy, and then graduated from Rosemont College with a degree in English. She went to work for Lewis and Gilman Advertising Agency in Philadelphia, where a co-worker arranged a blind date for Dev with Jim Thielens. He had graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and was working in sales for Standard Oil.

The couple married in 1952 and settled into a “starter home” in Villanova, a gift from the groom’s father, a builder. The house grew larger with add-ons as their family also grew to include three children: son Ted, who now lives in Canton, Ohio, and daughters Lori and Amy, who both live locally. Now there are seven grandchildren.

With her children grown, Dev took a position as Director of Public Relations at Rosemont College for 15 years. Sadly, Jim Thielens died in 2009, and Dev moved to Waynesbrooke in Berwyn. Her lifelong passion has been tennis, which she played at Martin’s Dam. She also enjoys bridge and reading. She volunteered for many years at the Devon Horse Show, was a member of the Radnor High School Scholarship Fund Committee, and served in many capacities at the Women’s Resources Center in Wayne. A favorite vacation spot for Dev’s family was always Hilton Head, where they gathered every summer for 33 years. You can reach Dev at 610-353-3281. She hopes to meet new Dunwoody friends when we can all mingle once again.

A CAUTIONARY TALE

Dolores Broberg

Nowadays one has to be so careful where one goes, with whom one has contact, and how that is safely accomplished. Our stay at home policy is well warranted. At the same time, there are exceptions. My dual fuel Prius requires special tending. To charge up the electric battery, it must run at least 5 miles a week at more than 20 miles per hour. You can’t do that on campus.

So when I had to go into CVS, I very efficiently did so on a day when the car could use some exercise. I parked right outside the door. Masked and gloved, I got out, locked the car and proceeded to step up on the curb.

Roar....whoosh.... a great blast of wind caught me with one foot up and the other off the ground. All the pins blew out of my hair and flew down the driveway. I did not. Fortunately, the wind twisted me so that I landed on a very padded part. (See they have their uses.)

As I sat there wondering how to get upright again, five angels appeared out of nowhere. One was a security guard and at least two were nurses. They stood around me, their faces masked but their eyes filled with concern. “Do you need an ambulance?” Did you break anything?” (Yeah. I sure hurt my pride.)

While the two guys hauled me onto my feet, two of the women chased down the drive, capturing my hairpins. One of the nurses, employed by CVS, offered to shop for me. She got my phone number, too, and called to make sure I got home safely.

In Bible Study (by Zoom) that very day, we had explored how suffering can sometimes convert into blessings. My embarrassment, a bit of initial angst and a few minor bruises brought five people the opportunity to give assistance. Going on into the rest of their day, they probably felt good about themselves having made this tired old world just a little bit better.

CORAL BELLS

Judy Van Allen

Once upon a time, long, long ago, but not that far away a young family moved into their first home. It was in a neighborhood where the front yard was the width of the house and the back yard the same. Previous years of young neighbors' play had pounded the back into a lovely shade of brown - much like the color of Penrose garage doors. Ever hopeful, as the young are, the husband undertook to create a path to lure those youngsters to the rear of the bilevel yard by means of a charming path. The husband dug and hauled and placed flagstones into the hoped for path. At a small rise to the second level in the yard, several flagstones morphed into steps. Now surely, the neighborhood children would fly down the steps to the rear of the yard and give the upper yard a chance to green up.

Within a mile of this house a small cedar shingled shack nestled on Montgomery Avenue in Narberth. A little sign identified it as "Mary's Flowers." A shopper could choose from a variety of amazing blooms. But who could ignore the basket of swaying pink blossoms with the \$1.50 sign? "Coral Bells." It was a perfect foil for the sides of the steps in the newly designed back yard.

Those coral bells proved to be a joy, spreading their blooms along the steps and as they thrived were divided to spruce up all the gardens emerging around the new home.

When the home had served the family well, the time came to move on. The coral bells could not be left behind! They would be divided to come along. Each child in the family was settling into their own home and the bells had to be divided once more. And now, the bells are thriving at 504 Penrose Drive. Please stop to greet them on your walks.



Photo: Warren Lieberman



EMPLOYEE APPRECIATION FUND

Len Magargee

There is only a short time left to make your contributions in this fund drive. The deadline to do so is Friday June 19th. This is our chance to show Dunwoody Village employees how much we appreciate their hard work especially during these difficult times. There is a no tipping policy at Dunwoody and in fact employees will be disciplined for accepting a tip. In lieu of tips, all residents are requested to contribute to this fund.

The Residents Association asks that each person remit 200 dollars twice a year as a thank you to our hard working staff. Many of the staff are people we rarely see as they perform services for us (of course with this quarantine we hardly see anyone). This is a great time to contribute more than the suggested amount to emphasize that we are happy and lucky to have such dedicated people working on our health and welfare. Monies contributed are allocated on the basis of hours worked, of course this year some adjustments will be made allowing for Corona Virus issues.

If you have contributed, thank you and if not, time is rushing on. Make your check out to Dunwoody Village and note that it is for the Employee Appreciation Fund and put it in the campus mail. Thank you.